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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

WINTER'S TALE.

As Polidor, a simple clown, the son of an old shepherd of Bohemia, was hastening home to avoid a rising storm, his ears were assailed by the piteous cries of one in distress; when his humanity tempted him to run and offer his assistance, but a sense of danger induced him to act with caution. On advancing towards the place where the sound issued, a sight of horror struck his view. A gentleman, richly apparelled, was vainly struggling in the gripe of a ravenous bear, who tore him with merciless fury. His cries were dreadful, and on beholding Polidor he implored his help—offered him great rewards, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman—but his appeal was quickly ended, for in the midst of his supplications, the savage beast tore out his heart, when he gave one loud and lengthened groan of agony—and then his voice was hushed in endless silence. The poor clown wept; but this was not the only affecting appeal to humanity. While this horrid scene of carnage was acting, the threatening storm arose to appalling fury; the heavens appeared one sheet of livid fire; the peals of thunder seemed to shake the very earth to its foundation: the sea roared tremendously, and a fine ship was tossed to and fro in its raging billows; the masts seemed as they would touch the fiery sky, and now again were buried in the foaming waves; the poor wretches on board wrung their hands in agony, and pierced the air with lamentations of indescribable anguish. At length, just at the dreadful moment when the bear tore out the heart of Antigonus, the vessel was dashed on a rock. Piercing shrieks, for an instant, overtopped the raging of the storm—and in the next, all was lost—no vestige remained of the ship or passengers—all was swallowed by the boisterous waves.

Polidor stood like one petrified: he strained his eyes—to perceive some traces of the vessel; and his ears—to listen for a sound from the poor gentleman, but all in vain: no voice was heard, no one was seen, and the youth, though not much given to softness, wept as he slowly retraced the path to his father's cottage. He had not proceeded far, when he stumbled on the old shepherd, seemingly lost in a trance, kneeling on the ground, bare headed, regardless of the storm which had just passed, and

gazing intently on an infant, which he had taken from a box, well stored with gold and jewels. "What have you there, father?" inquired Polidor, "mercy be good unto us—a babe." "Yes, yes, troth, and a pretty babe too, Polidor, and money to boot—look here, boy." The old shepherd had been so occupied in contemplations of this fairy gift, as he called it, that he had never heeded the pelting of the storm, and was dripping wet with the rain; while the innocent child, who had engrossed all his attention, undisturbed by the warfare of the elements, slept soundly. The old man hastened home with his prize; but Polidor returned, as he said, to see if the bear had finished his dinner on the gentleman, and if he had, and there were any scraps left, he would turn sexton and bury them.

Polidor and his father, on his return, counted over the money again and again; and, tempted by the sight of so much wealth, resolved to keep the circumstance secret. The parents of the infant, they doubted not, had perished in the vessel; little danger of discovery therefore was to be apprehended; they however removed to some distance from their present residence, where the pretty foundling was brought up as the shepherd's daughter, ignorant of her high birth, but under the name of Perdita, which was written on a label and pinned to her bosom. This infant was daughter of Leontes, King of Sicilia: and, by the order of her cruel father, had been sent from home for the purpose of being thus exposed in some strange country to perish: he being irritated against his queen through an impulse of unfounded jealousy.

Leontes, previous to the death of his father, had visited the court of Russia, where he became enamoured of, and married Hermione daughter of the emperor; a lady of great beauty and accomplishment. They had lived together in the most perfect happiness for some years, and their union had been blessed by one son, Mamillius, a boy of rare qualifications, who possessing a shrewdness of sentiment, and an acute sensibility uncommon at his years, was justly beloved by his parents and by the whole court. Leontes had, in his boyish days, a friend and companion whom he highly loved and esteemed, Polixenes, son of the King of Bohemia. They had been educated together; and when Polixenes, on the death of his father, went to take possession of the throne, it was a painful separation to the youthful friends. Leontes soon afterwards succeeded his father in Sicilia.

Several years had elapsed since they had met, and when the king of Bohemia, at the long and frequent intercession of Leontes, paid a visit to the court of Sicilia, he had been received with every demonstration of joy. Hermione, in her earnest desire to please her husband, paid the most pointed attention to Polixenes; and Polixenes, valuing her as the exclusive property of his dearly loved friend and brother, considered her as a sister, and treated her with affection and kindness. For a long time Leontes considered this as it really was—a tribute of respect to himself; but by degrees a feeling of jealousy took possession of his mind, and when Polixenes, at the earnest request of Hermione, agreed to extend his visitation some short time, a request which he had positively refused to Leontes, it was a confirmation of his jealous feelings: yet he suppressed his irritation; and while Hermione with artless good humour was conversing with Polixenes, Leontes, under pretence of playing with his young son the Prince Mamillius, seized the opportunity of anxiously watching the countenance, and listening to the conversation of his suspected wife and friend. Hermione happy in the idea of having obliged her beloved Leontes, was more than usually gay, and looked more than usually beautiful; little supposing that she was furnishing arms against herself, and feeding the demon of jealousy in the breast of her husband. Leontes, who was by nature, petulant, and whose love towards Hermione was so ardent, that his resentment rose in proportion, being now confirmed to this suspicion, his rage exceeded all bounds; he shut his mind against conviction; and when his lords ventured to speak in defence of the queen, he violently repulsed them, accusing them of disloyalty and treason.

Camillo, the most favoured lord of his court, was commissioned by Leontes to put poison in the cup, out of which Polixenes should drink; and Camillo having obtained from the king a promise, that on condition of Polixenes' removal, he would again take his queen into favour, undertook the disgraceful office, without, however, any intention of putting it into execution. He sought an interview with the king of Bohemia, of whose innocence he felt well assured, and whose life he was determined to preserve; then freely imparted the jealousy of Leontes and his order given for Polixenes' death, and counselled him for his own sake, and for the sake of the injured Hermione immediately to quit Sicilia: hoping that when he was once fairly removed, Leontes' jealousy would cease, and the queen be restored to his affections. Camillo, by this counsel, proved himself a virtuous man, rather than a favoured courtier. He loved Leontes; but he loved justice more. He well knew that if he performed the bidding of his sovereign master, promotion, honours, and distinctions would follow; that if he refused, he must for ever be an exile from his native land; or, if remaining

in it, that his life would pay the forfeit of his obstinacy:—yet Camillo hesitated not in his determination; he would not, for the hope of reward, disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience, nor awaken his mind to bitter reflections. By the office which he held, he had the power to unclosethe several posterns which surrounded the city; and at midnight, under his protection, Polixenes and his followers made their escape; and, getting on board a vessel, set sail before the dawn of morning for Bohemia. When Leontes heard of the departure of Polixenes and the apostacy of Camillo, his former rage amounted almost to insanity; and far from restoring Hermione to favour as Camillo had hoped, it more confirmed his anger. He publicly accused her of infidelity to his bed, and of aiding and abetting Polixenes and Camillo in their secret escape. Her assertions of innocence were vain; the impetuous Leontes, without mercy, unfeelingly ordered her to prison, and forbade any one to speak in her behalf. Hermione was equally astonished and afflicted, at an accusation so unexpected and so unmerited; yet the pride of majesty sustained her: she shed no tears, but raised her eyes to heaven, with a mournful hope of consolation in Leontes' speedy conviction of her innocence.

She was conducted to prison, and forbidden all communication except with the ladies who were permitted to attend her; even the young prince's visits were not allowed. This cruel mandate of the king was a heavy affliction to Hermione; and the sweet boy, who could not endure the thoughts of his mother's affliction and disgrace, sunk into a state of melancholy which put his life in danger. Meantime Leontes, for the satisfaction of the lords of his court, all of whom appeared to cherish an idea of Hermione's innocence, dispatched two of his nobles, Cleomenes and Dion, to Delphos, to consult the oracle of Apollo. The intervening time was spent in anxiety. The poor imprisoned Hermione was delivered of a daughter, whose helpless infancy would, she hoped, be an advocate with her incensed husband; but who should dare present it to him? It was an office few would venture to undertake; and her busy fancy could hardly fix on one to whom she could apply with any prospect of success. While she was deliberating, and consulting with her faithful attendants on this important subject, Paulina the wife of Lord Antigonus, came to the prison: but the gaoler dared not admit her to the presence of the queen; so rigid were his orders. But as these orders did not extend towards the queen's women, he willingly conducted the lady Emilia to her presence. From her she learnt the news of the queen's delivery; and then entreated that she might be intrusted with the infant to present to the king. Emilia, overjoyed, informed the lady Paulina, that her majesty longed for such a kind messenger, and prayed to Heaven.

to speed her in her pious errand. The innocent babe was given to her care; and, boldly entering the presence of Leontes, she laid the princess at his feet, imploring him to look with an eye of tenderness, on the infant image of himself. Leontes, firmly persuaded that Polixenes, and not he, was the father of this poor babe, would not look on it; but sternly commanded Paulina to take it thence, and accused Antigonus of being a party concerned in the presumption of his wife's conduct. Paulina, bold, high spirited, and proud in the justice of her cause, heeded not the king's displeasure, but freely uttered her disapprobation of his proceedings, in spite of his frowning, stamping, raving, and commands for her silence; when he, finding that he could not himself stop the current of her wrath, ordered the lords to take her from his presence.

The lady Paulina stretched out her hand in a commanding attitude to repel their advances, coolly telling them, "that he who made trifles of his eyes, might first hand her—of her own accord she would quit the presence; but first should execute the errand on which she came"—again she presented the babe, and again he repulsed her. Loudly she now proclaimed the innocence of the queen; loudly and imperiously she accused the king of cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and weakness; again, and again he commanded her from his sight, and again, and again she refused obedience; till enraged at her obstinacy, he told Antigonus he ought to be hung for not having power enough to stay the tongue of his wife. Paulina left the chamber without the princess, bidding the king look to his babe, and take due care of that which was his own. Leontes, on her departure, ordered that Antigonus should take the child, and throw it in the flames; if within an hour he did not bring testimony of the deed, his life should pay the forfeit, and he would himself dash out the infant's brains! His lords appealed to him; begged him to consider his own safety, and the safety of the realm, which would certainly be endangered by any violence being offered to the young princess. Leontes, though not much disposed to follow advice in his present irritable state of mind, yet considered these remarks as seasonable; he therefore inquired whether Antigonus was willing to preserve the life of this deserted infant, which that lord solemnly promised to undertake at the hazard of his own. Leontes then, giving him store of gold and jewels, bade him on his oath to convey the infant to some place out of his dominions and commit it to the care of heaven, to live or die as fate should direct; and a vessel was provided to conduct him on his journey.

Antigonus took a mournful leave of his wife, and set sail with his infant charge, towards some distant land. While on his voyage his mind was greatly agitated by the vision of his mother appearing to him, as also the spirit of

Hermione, who overcharged with sorrow, till she was scarcely able to give her wishes utterance, implored him to convey the infant to the shores of Bohemia, and place a label on its breast, to signify its name should be Perdita, as counted lost forever; and when the sorrowing vision had pronounced its orders respecting the princely foundling, it warned Antigonus that he should never again behold his wife; then shrieking melted into air. Antigonus interpreted this dream, or vision, into an express command from Apollo, to convey the infant to Bohemia, as being in reality the offspring of Polixenes; and that it should be a resident either living or dead, on the land of its father. He therefore on the following morning gave orders to the master of the vessel to make all sail for the kingdom of Bohemia, whither on the morning of the next day they arrived, and beneath a frowning sky, louring as with displeasure, they landed; the master returning to the vessel to perish by the pitiless storm, while the ill-fated Antigonus met a more dreadful fate on shore.

The resentment of Leontes rather increased than abated after the departure of Antigonus with the princess; and the increasing indisposition of the prince Mamillius, while it excited his paternal fears, increased his hatred towards the queen, whom he considered as the cause. Thinking he should appease the anger of the gods, who afflicted the son for the guilt of the mother, he would not wait the return of Cleomenes and Dion from Delphos, but formed a tribunal, and summoned Hermione to her trial. Her beauty, her dignity of deportment, her want of health and strength, to bear up against such treatment, won all hearts in her favour; yet none durst speak. Leontes was absolute; he governed the laws, and could with impunity "wrest them to his authority." One only hope therefore remained: the oracle, they trusted, would declare her innocent; and on that hope they rested.

Hermione pleaded her cause with sweetness and eloquence; and her integrity stood manifest, to all but the self-willed Leontes, who without mercy pronounced her guilty. The unhappy Hermione, though she did not value her life now rendered wretched by his cruelty, yet still felt that her honour was dear; she appealed to the lords who sat in counsel, referring them to the oracle, and claiming that Apollo should be her judge. This was an appeal which, according to the laws of Sicilia, Leontes could not refuse; the lords Cleomenes and Dion, who were just arrived, were accordingly summoned to appear in court; and having sworn on the sword of justice, that they had been at Delphos, and brought from thence the oracle of Apollo sealed up, and by the hand of the sacred priest delivered, and that they were ignorant of the secrets therein contained, the officer of the court broke the seal, and read aloud the sentence of God—"Hermione is

chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is, be not found."

An exclamation of joy burst from the whole court, at this declaration of the queen's innocence: but Leontes, incensed at their raptures, asserted that the oracle was either false, or the messengers were suborned; and that the trial should proceed. At that moment an attendant rushed into the counsel chamber, to announce the death of the young prince. The sweet child, happening to be at the window, saw his mother pass to the scene of her persecution—which so operated on the sensibility and bodily weakness that it occasioned his immediate dissolution. Hermione, at the dreadful intelligence, shrieked and fainted; and Leontes, struck to the heart by this circumstance, more than if ten thousand tongues of the most persuasive eloquence had pleaded the cause of his injured wife, in one instant felt convinced of her innocence, and trembled at the vengeance of Heaven, which he conceived he had incurred by his own injustice and impetuosity. He now determined to make every atonement, which future tenderness could suggest; but his hopes were soon put to flight. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, from the time that Hermione, under the care of her women had been conducted to her own apartment, ere the lady Paulina, in the utmost consternation, informed him of the death of the queen, loading him with the most bitter invectives. Leontes stood silent, not by any word or look checking her violence for a length of time; and when his sorrow would suffer him to speak, he bade her "go on—speak her worst, she could not say more than he deserved." The sufferings of Leontes were beyond human calculation; his sorrows were deep, not loud, and they seemed to bid defiance to all consolation. But a few weeks past, and he was happy to the fullest extent; now he was bereft of children, wife, and friend; the richest treasures man can boast, bereft by his own fault. Proclamations were issued through the kingdom, and the neighbouring states, offering large rewards to any who should give intelligence of the lord Antigonus, and the young princess; and under the hope of his child's restoration, he lived, if dragging on a gloomy existence could be termed living.

(Concluded in our next.)

HENRY MENDON.

OR THE VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE,
A FACT.

"Stay mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal!
Within that cup their lurks a curse
Which all who drink shall feel."

It was a pleasant day in the month of June, when I descended the little hill that leads into the delightful village of H——, on its

southern side. I had often visited this little spot, and always admired the neatness of its situation; but it never appeared so beautiful as at this time. The lake that stretched itself along its eastern extremity, was as still and calm as the little stream which meandered slowly through the village, and emptied itself into its placid waters, save now and then a light breath of wind would pass across its silver bosom, as the little rippling waves glittered in the sunbeam. The heavy foliage of the poplars, as their tops waved gently in the breeze, by the little white dwellings which they surrounded, gave it a romantic and tasty appearance, which I could not but admire.

"There is little Mary Mendon," said my friend George Garnet, whom I was accompanying to H——, on a visit. "As true as—— Yes! it is the little sylph! Don't you see her by yonder white house, in the garden? Lovely girl! she reminds me of her once happy mother, and once respected father! There she goes; did you not see her enter at that green door, as she came from the garden?"

"I saw a pretty blue-eyed girl with rosy cheeks," replied I, "but what renders her such a favorite of yours? are you acquainted with the little charmer?"

"You shall have her history," said he, "as it is short, but not uninteresting, nor devoid of instruction."

"In the little but peaceful mansion, which you saw the little girl enter, that I have expressed so much interest for, once lived *Henry Mendon*, the pride of his parents, and an ornament to the happy society in which it was his fortune to have been situated—and as he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition, affable and easy in his manners, he moved the brightest and most beloved in parties of innocent mirth and hilarity.

"Such at the age of twenty two was *Henry Mendon*; and such of the fairer and weaker sex, at the age of eighteen, was the lovely *Harriet Ashley*, to whom he had long paid his addresses, and from whom he had the happiness to learn that his love was not unrequited. They ardently loved each other, and from the similarity of their habits, and dispositions, it was a prediction of their friends that their union would be a happy one. They were married; and never shall I forget the emotions of joy I felt at the wedding. The amiable, the beautiful *Harriet Ashley* bestowed her hand and heart upon the no less accomplished *Henry Mendon*. There was not a countenance in all the lively group that had assembled on the occasion, but bespoke the unison of their feelings on this interesting subject.

"He was presented by his father with that little low white cottage, almost embosomed in the deep green of the locust trees that are scattered in such profusion around it, which you see at the right of that stream, which gurgles

through the rich and varied landscape of the farm, that was presented with this humble but pleasant dwelling. They were blessed with a lovely child—I can almost see them now, going to church, leading the little Mary Mendon, that we have just passed, with her rosy cheeks and laughing deep blue eyes, looking alternate with an endearing smile in the faces of her happy parents. Peace smiled in their secluded dwelling, they lived the happiest of the happy; the admiration of all who knew them.

"Things were in this happy situation when Henry was first discovered to be in the habit of indulging in a small dram, or "social glass" of spirits in the morning. Nothing was said or thought of it at first—but it was soon apparent, that this habit was growing upon him to an alarming degree. His family concerns became neglected—his beautiful cottage no longer presented the woodbine and ivy uniting their beauties as they twined around its windows,—the farm that had yielded him a competence, was now fast running to waste. Large debts were contracted—his creditors, observing that he was fast ruining himself, were daily growing impatient, and to crown the whole, he was cruel to the wife of his bosom! I see you shudder at the *relation*—but to have *seen* it—to have heard the mild accent of the lovely Harriet, as she urged him by all the ties of nature and of love, to renounce the fatal draught, which he had now no scruples to drink before her, would have made your heart ache!

"Henry," she would say, "look at our little Mary! could you see her separated from us; we driven from our home; helpless; on the charity of our parents, who have been rejoiced at our industry, and its natural consequence—prosperity? Yet let your dear wife, one whom you *once* loved—and who *now* loves you, tell you that this *will* be the case, unless you desist from this alarming practice, which you are carrying to excess!"

"But his parents' tears and importunities; his wife's sorrows and entreaties, were alike unavailing—alike he disregarded the happiness of his parents, his wife, and his Mary.—This vice had hardened his heart, and he continued to raise the deadly chalice to his lips; to sacrifice every enjoyment to his unhallowed purpose. His once intelligent eye became dim and inexpressive, and his once interesting countenance was suffused with the crimson hue of intemperance. His creditors came upon him in an unsuspecting moment; took all his property, not even sparing his dwelling—and his wife, (with her child) was obliged to take up her residence under her father's roof. Meanwhile, Henry, rendered desperate by misfortune, to drown his sorrows plunged into still deeper excess, and at last, at the age of thirty, fell this once esteemed and beloved man by the sin of *Intemperance*!

"His wife and Mary still live in the little

white dwelling opposite the one we saw her enter, which belonged to Henry's father.—Harriet will not long survive his death—the affliction she has passed through, and the trials she has endured, have taken the bloom from her countenance, and death is fast preying upon her angel form."

After tarrying for a few days in H——, we reluctantly returned home, and nothing more was heard of Harriet Mendon and her sweet little daughter, until I was by accident called again to visit this lovely village. On inquiring for those whose history had given it an additional interest, I was informed that Mary was happily situated, with a beloved husband, who was worthy of her, and was enjoying the pleasure that her parents once enjoyed and in the same dwelling; that her mother had long since sought the "narrow house," and the green sods were resting over her remains which had been deposited by the side of her husband in an untimely grave. L.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

The following account of a very interesting and tragical incident, which gave the above name to a remarkable promontory on Lake Pepin, is extracted from the journal of Major Long's Second Expedition; lately published: Speaking of Lake Pepin, which the Mississippi enters about forty miles below the falls of St. Anthony, the writer of the narrative of Major Long's second expedition, observed:

"There is in it what we meet on no other point of the far stretching valley of the Mississippi, a high projecting point, a precipitous crag resting upon a steep bank, whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, the calmness of which contrasts with the savage features of the landscape; but this spot receives an additional interest from the melancholy tale which is connected with it, and which casts a deep gloom over its bright features. Cold and callous must be the heart of the voyager who can contemplate unmoved and uninterested the huge cliffs that enclose this lake, for "wild as the accents of lover's farewell are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

"There was a time, our guide said, as we passed near the rock, when this spot which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions that has ever occurred among the Indians. There was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to a union in which all their hopes centered;

but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied; and his claims superceded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services he rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favor of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man, who being a professed hunter, could spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence, while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a great share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of the objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake, that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. "Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not; I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden; but you would not. You say you love me: that you are my father, my brother, my relations, yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone, he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him; none to spread his blanket; none to build his lodge; none to wait on him; yet he was the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you want me to rejoice in

his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not, cannot love, with whom I can never be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so: but soon you will have neither daughter or sister, nor relation to torment with your false professions of affection." As she uttered these words, she withdrew, and her parents heedless of her complaints decreed that she should that day be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill; when she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below: she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. "You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, but you endeavored by deceitful words, to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not if you thought I would be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were, they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of the song she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse near her distracted friends. "Thus," added our guide, "has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it, without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place, whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

The Quaker and Lawyer.

A few days ago, says a late English paper, a gentleman of the society of Friends, residing in Wiveliscombe, had just returned home to dinner and the joint, which was a fine leg of mutton, was already on the table: before he seated himself, however, to partake of it, a dog entered the room, and seized the mutton, dragged it from the table, and deliberately walked homeward. The worthy friend, not approving of the unceremonious manner in which the dog had helped himself, resolved to follow him and the faithful creature led the way to the house of his master, Mr. H——, of the profession of the law, to whom the complainant submitted the following question: "Friend, thou art a

gentleman, therefore thou wilt give me a candid answer to this question.—Suppose thou hadst sent thy servant to buy a leg of mutton, and when it was on the table, a dog should come and take it away, who would thou expect to pay for it, thyself or the owner of the dog? The professional gentleman replied—"the owner of the dog." "Then," said the quaker, "thy dog has run away with my leg of mutton; and I shall expect thee to pay for it 4s. 9d." The gentleman paid the amount, and then addressed him as follows:—"Sir, I know that you are a gentleman, therefore, you will not of course, object to pay me for the professional advice which you required, and which I have given." The quaker somewhat surprised, asked the amount of his charge—6s 8d. was the reply; the money was paid, and the latter gentleman was consequently that amount minus by this affair.

A watch was stolen in the pit of the Opera in Paris; the loser complained in a loud voice and said, "It is just seven; In a few minutes my watch will strike—the sound is strong—and by that means we shall instantly ascertain where it is."—The thief, terrified at this, endeavoured to escape, and by his agitation discovered himself.

An Irish Soldier's Contrivance.—Michael Malony was a private belonging to an English regiment of infantry, which happened to be stationed in Canada during the American war. At the distance of two or three miles from the quarters of the regiment there was an outpost, at which a sentinel was placed. One day, when it fell to Maloney's lot to be employed on this lonely service, an unexpected order arrived from head quarters for the immediate departure of the regiment. Amidst the hurry and bustle usual on such an occasion, nobody thought of relieving the out-post; and there the poor Pat-lander was left to starve with a musket on his shoulder, or to run the risk of being taken up and shot for desertion. The feelings of hunger, however, having at length got the better of his sense of duty, he returned to quarters without leave: and finding that the regiment was gone, nobody knew whither, he proceeded to a farm house, and found employment as a laborer. After a lapse of three years, during which he lived very comfortably, his regiment came back to its old quarters. At first he was terrified at the idea of being taken up for a deserter; but that native ingenuity, which is sometimes whimsically displayed by his countrymen, soon suggested the means of exculpation. He put on his soldier's dress, shouldered his musket, and took his station at the very outpost, where he had been placed three years before. He had been here scarcely an hour, when a corporal belonging to the regiment, with his guard, approached the spot for the purpose of leaving a sentinel upon it. The

corporal seeing it already occupied, cried out, "Who the devil are you—what regiment do you belong to—who sent you—and how long have you been here?" "Och, then," replied Michael, "you may well talk of the de'il, for sure none but the de'il himself would have kept guard so long; dont you know that some of you left me here three years ago; that none of you ever came to relieve me till this very moment; and havn't you now found me at my post?" The Hibernian was immediately conducted to his quarters. The commanding officer on hearing his story, received him with kindness: and the adventure formed a subject of merriment for some days after.—*Irish flap.*

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which she neglected to purchase. "Sir," she said, on entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I must now request you to let me have." "And what is that?" asked the young music seller. "It is Sir," replied she hesitating, and running over the titles of music she held in her hand, "it is 'one kind kiss before we part.'" The gay youth vaulted instantaneously over the table, and saluted the fair stranger! It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, who will recollect the song, "One kind kiss before we part!" that it was an air of a less touching nature than the one given by our hero that the lady expected to receive.

When I see withered leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of Autumn, just such, thinks I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the Winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend in his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

SUMMARY.

A sloop canal around the Niagara Falls on the American side, is said to be practicable, and an application will be made by a company to the next Legislature for an act of incorporation to enable them to carry it into effect.

The Iron Steam Boat "Cordrus," built at York, Pa. was lately launched. Without her engine and machinery on board she drew but 3 inches water—with them, but 6 1-4 inches. The editor of the York Recorder states, that, on a trial of her power, she ascended the Susquehanna at the rate of nearly 6 miles per hour, the steam not being raised beyond half its intended force. The rapids did not appear to impede her progress.

New Novel.—A new novel, from the pen of Mr. Cooper, called "the last of the Mohicans," is in press, and will shortly be published. The scene is laid in Rhode Island, in the year 1757.

MARRIED,

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. WALTER FROST, to Miss MARY MEADER.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 10th inst. Mr. HENRY P. Groat.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. CHRISTMAS.

What if hoary winter now
Mantles tower, tree, and hill,
With his chilly cloak of snow,
Shall we not be merry still?
Yes, O yes, the Christmas wine,
Should but give our sorrow wings,
And should round the heart entwine,
Remembrance of the King of kings
Who from his mercy-seat above,
To-day, again, his Son has given—
The harbinger of endless Love—
An offering from heaven.

W.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

Each little plant, and opening flower,
Displays an overruling power;
Each hollow cave and winding rill,
And hill and dale, *Infinite* skill.
Go view each little plant to find
Instructive lessons for the mind;
The insect too, can sure impart,
True knowledge in the works of art.
Then say no more that all is vain.
While wondrous art and skill remain;
Oh! let us not ungrateful prove,
To him whose very NAME is love.

LOUIS.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

A number of candidates have appeared for the honour of having composed these admirable lines, which were first published some years ago in a provincial newspaper. Capt. Medwin, in his "Conversations of Lord Byron," claims them for his Lordship. The relatives of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, of Dublin College, however, have asserted that he composed them, and produced very fair testimony, amounting indeed almost to indubitable proof, to that effect. Among the rest of the claimants a Dr. Marshall came forward, arrogating the whole merit to himself; but it unfortunately turned out that he was merely an illiterate cow-doctor. This discovery gave occasion to a parody on the original lines, which we insert in this place, trusting that the wit will be an apology for any appearance of levity upon such an interesting subject.

Not a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note;
And he looked confoundedly flurried
As he bolted away without paying his shot
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning;
We twig'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamps, brilliantly burning.

All bare and expos'd to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him:
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze
With his *Marshal* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the D—," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home and we put him to bed;
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "one o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room, in the uppermost story;
A rush-light we placed on the cold hearth stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. EVENING SKY.

How drear would be the treacherous track of life,
Where friends are only scorpions in disguise,
Where peace is but the rapid sleep of strife,
And hope—the lightning of a madman's eyes,
Where cloud on cloud before each other rise,
And pang on pang around each other teem,
Where few are worth the trouble to despise,
And all are any thing—but what they seem,
Where he who lives the longest is least blest,
And he who dies the soonest—first at rest.
Oh ye who gaze upon an evening sky,
And watch the sweet gloom weaving o'er the west,
Who weep—and wish it were your time to die—
Yet sigh those wishes to no human breast,
Who are in youth too heavily oppress,
Who strive through long and lonesome years to trace
Some gentle being who could love you best,
Yet meet with none on all this wide world's face,
Remember, there's another friendlier sphere,
Whose smiles shall dry up every earthly tear.

WIELAND.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—It is a paper scent (pay per cent.)

PUZZLE II.—Because it keeps off the sparks.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is pursued in the season of snow
By a race who can murder and smile,
To a race, that some millions of people we know,
Have pronounced to be filthy and vile;
My second but add the first vowel unto,
The blind or the deaf may desire;
My whole is most dear to each bosom—and you
Should revere it as much as your sire.

II.

Why is a tooth-ache like a window sash?

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